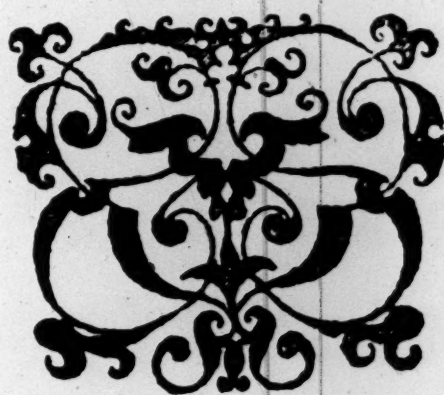
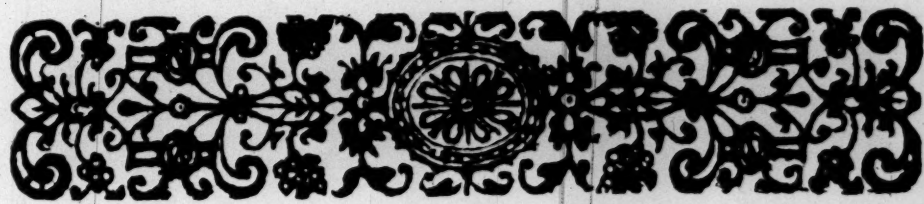


THE
POETICAL
RECREATIONS

OF MR. ALEXANDER CRAIG
OF ROSECRAIG.



AT EDINBURGH
Printed by Thomas Finlason. 1609.
WITH LICENCE.



TO

THE MOST HO-
NORABLE MYSINGV-

LAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON

G. E. OF DVNBAR, LORD AND

GOVERNOVR OF BERWICK, HEIGH

Thesaurer of Scotland, great Maister of the Mi-

nerals there, Licutenant of the mi'dle Shyres

of Great Britane, one of his Maiesties ho-

norable privie Countell, and Knight

of the most noble order of the Garter.



IN PHILIP OF

Macedon came to conquer Co-

rinth, the carefull Corinthians

did fortifie their ruined walles,

some caried Stones, some trees,

some lyme, some clenged and dres-

sed their armour, some taught & trained the neoterick

slogers; no man was found idle to withstand the com-

mon enemy saue Diogenes, he vn-able for any ser-

A 2

vice

vice in the republick, did roll himselfe in his Tub up
and downe the streets. One of his familiars asked
what he did: Al the Corinthians (answered Dioge-
nes) are busbie, and I must be doing something: Each
man (my honorable good Lord) at this great Court of
Parliament is busbie, and lest I alone like Diogenes
be noted as idle, I will roll my selfe in these foolish
rymes up and downe the streetes; that it may be said
I am doing something: the goodes and children of the
bond-man belong to the master: These passions are
my goodes, or rather my children Minerva-like borne
from their fathers brane, without a mother, and so
due to your L. Take then your owne (dear Lord)
from this hand, who according to the antient custome
hath bored his eare with a boidekene, to shew that he
shall still remaine your Honors most faithfully de-
voted and voluntarie slaue.

AL. CRAIG.





TO THE READER.

EXcuse me (good Reader) for the methodlesse placing of these Pallions : They are my children, you haue them as they were borne : And so the Primo-genit must haue the prioritie at the Presse. Amongst so many children some must mis-thriue and proue naight: Cherishe (I pray thee) the good, and leaue the faultie to be reformed by their father.

Fair-wel.





TO HIS MOST EX-
CELLENT MAIESTIE
THE HUMBLE PETITION OF
his Heighnes Orator A L. CRAIG
at Christmas in VVhitehall.

A *Pelles* some-time came
To *Ptolomeus* feast,
And had well nye return'd againe
Inglorius and disgrac't.
For *Ptolomeus* ask'd,
Who cald him to that place,
Then with a coale vpon the wall,
He painted *Planus* face.
The King knew *Planus* well,
And did at once protest
That hee should fast, and hee would feast
Appelles with the best.
So am I come Great King,
Vnto thy Christmas chere,
And Povertie against my will,
Invit's me to be heere.
You are a greater King
Then *Lagus* sonne, altho

With

With *Egipt, Afric*, he vsurpt,
And was th' *Arabians* so.

Let Povertie I pray,
Receave his due disgrace:
And let thy Poet at this feast
Supplie the Painters place.

But *Lacon* some-time said
Vnto a begging slaue,
Giue what I will it is thy craft
To beg, and ever craue.
Be not affraid for that,
(Thogh for this time J cry)
Jf succurd once, nor seeke againe
J rather sterue and dye.

COMPLAINT TO HIS *Majestie.*

Loue, want, and *Cares*, all contrare me conspyre,
First, second, last, for me too many bee:
want breakes my heart, and drown's my high desyre,
And makes my Muse so lowe a course to flee.
But were J rich, the cruell fair wold rew,
Then sould J sing and bid my *Cares* adew.

O happie Artist, and Mechanick slaue,
Thou mai'st a price vpon thy paines impose:
My wair is such, I know not what to craue,
And so but looke both Loue and Lynes I lose:
Strange thing betwix my Soueraigne and my fant,
I waist my wits, and rape but woes and want.

Yet

Yet might these two reward me if they wold,
And purge me both from povertie and paine:
She with good wil, my royall Syre with gold,
And so preserue, and saue their slaue vn-slane.
With modest lookes, and silent sighs I serue,
The shameles begger thriu's, and yet I sterue.

TO JOHN LORD RAMSAY,
*Vicunt of Hadington, the Author be-
moneth his hard Fortunes in England.*

Alas, why should *Calisthenes* remaine
Where *Agis* both and *Cleo* beare the sway,
These *Sicophants* and *Parasites* profaine,
Draw *Micedoes* magnific minde astray:
It *Aristip* in Court make any stay,
Some Tyran straight shall spit into his face,
Thus feeling ill, and fearing worse each day,
A miriad of mis-fortunes I embrace.
How carefull is *Entimeon* poore thy case
At home, abroad, since *Fortun* is thy foe;
But ere thou turne to *Griee* with more disgrace,
In *Persia* die, and there intomb thy woe:
To him that liues, and must die *Fortunes* slaue,
If nothing else, good *Persians* grant a graue.

AD

AD EVNDEM DE EODEM.

Beyond the Mountains of the frostie North,
I some-time seru'd a *Caledonian* Dame:
The first of all for *Vertue*, wit, and *Worth*,
That ever yet adorn'd the rols of fame:
She fed my heart on fancies sweetest flame,
Yet haue I left both heart and her behind,
And to this land spoild of my heart I came
To follow Fortune, which I can not find:
Strange is the state wherein I stand, I see
Twix Fortune heere, and my affections there:
I fled from these, this flees againe from mee,
Here *Povertie*, and yonder springs *Dispare*.
Blind *Cupid* thus, blind *Fortune* are againe mee,
My *Loue* at home, my *Luck* abroad disdaine mee.

NEW YEARE GIFT TO
his Majestie.

TO *Cresus* rich shall *Codrus* gifts propyne,
To *Maro* wise must *Mevius* rymes present:
O pearles Prince, O Poet most divyne,
My Muse is dead, my moeyen all is spent:
Wise *Maro* writ, weake *Mevius* wonder ay,
Rich *Cresus* giue, poore *Codrus* beg and pray.

B

TO

TO HIS MAJESTIE IN NAME
of his Noble Master.

THe faithfull heart is ever fraught with feare,
And jelousie is still conjoind with loue:
How can J then (dread Liege) be frie from care,
Since from thy sight J see I must remoue:
And thou my *Phosphor*, yea my *Phæbus* bright,
Whose presence day, whose absence breeds my night

Yet feare J not for that within thy minde,
That ouglie ghaist *unkindnes* can haue place:
But cause J know, some claw-backs are inclinde
With all their force my Fortunes to disgrace:
Bethou the poynt, and J the circling line,
Mine be the pangs, and all the pleasures thine.

J'ie kyth a constant *Palinure* to thee,
A trustie steirf-man both in storme and calme;
That in my works the wondring world shall see
The truest hand, that ever held a helme:
Thogh (I confesse) I am not skild like him,
Yet let me sink, so sweet *Aeneas* swim.

Thus will J goe, because thou do'st command,
Even for thy sake from out thy sight some space:
And after kissing of thy sacred hand,
J pray the Gods protege thy state in peace:
And when J cease for to be true to thee,
Curst be my life, and wretched may J dye.

TO

TO MY LORD SARVSBURIE.

TWo potent Kings over *Sicily* two Empyre,
That famous Ile where *Stracusa* stood:
Where gainst the heavens *Encelid* vomes his fyre,
King *Philip* bruks with much *Iberian* blood:
But wise King *James* (O blest and happie case)
Commands a *Cecill* of more price in peace.

TO MY LORD HAY, AT HIS LE-
gation to France.

Since thou must sail to see the *Celtick* shore,
From titular to him that keeps the Crown:
Which with thy Name thy Nation shall decore,
And sett more quils to further thy renown:
My wishes both, and prayers shall attend thee,
At home, abroad, the living Lord defend thee.

TO MY LORD ADMIRALL AT
his mariage with Ladie Margaret Stewart.

M*ars, Hercules, and Iupiter* we finde,
With *Venus, Lyda, Leda* were in loue,
And for obedience to the Archer blind,
The *Sword, the Club, and Scepter* they remoue:
And *Neptuns* deput leau's the fomie strand,
To pearle a *Margarit* fet from *Murray* land.

A Counsell to Courteours.

THe bibull Spoynge in tepid water set,
Drinks till it fill each small and greedie pore:
But if the Barber in his hand it get,
He wrings all out, which it hath drunk a fore:
You that in Court with Kings and Princes stay,
Markwell in minde the water-spoynge I pray.

For if you stand on top of Fortunes wheele,
Be ware lest with the bibull spoynge you swal,
Drink not too much as gluttons, govern well,
Clim not too hie, incase you catch a fall:
The King makes vp, the King againe makes downe,
Both wealth and wrack awaits vpon a Crowne.

To my Lady Hartfurde at his Majesties
first progres to Totnem.

There the wylde farne smelled as sweet as perfume, naturally.

THe tempest beat and falling *Ferne* (fair Dame)
Receaves new life, new strength, new sinell wee see:
And for thy sake thy Soveraigne weares the same
Heigh on his head to serue and honour thee:
These are the frutes thy bewtie braue brings forth,
Thy least propynes are valued of most worth.

TO

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND M^r. AL.
DICKSON M^r. of the Art of *Memorie* who
dyed at Winchester in England.

EPITAPH.

THat *Thracian* forme at birth of friends to weepe,
And to be glad when as againe they dye:
My sigh-swolne heart can not content to keepe,
Since J deare friend must sigh, and morne for thee.
Now haue I los'd my second selfe J see,
To whom shall J (since thou'atr dead) bemone:
Most rich of all (the *Scythians* say) is hee
That hath true friends, now I, alas, haue none:
No other death of ould the *Hircans* choof'd,
But to be kild by these same dogs they fed:
Displeasure so to be ingratie vs'd,
Hath brought braue *Dickson* to his cognat bed.
Thou taught the Art of *Memorie* to those
That seemd thy friends, yet prou'd in end thy foes.

TO HIS VNKINDE FRIEND.

OF all the wounds whereof that Roman great,
Braue *Julius Caesar* in the senat died:
The wounds from *Brutus* (burreau most ingrate)
Did grieue him most, on *Brutus* still he cri'd:
So were my life to take last leaue of mee,
Still wold I cry (*unkinde, unkinde*) on thee.

TO

TO HIS CVSNING FRIEND.

A *Thenian Chares* promis'd much to many,
Most prodigall of smooth perswading words:
And yet perform'd no thing at all to any,
Such are the frutes false eloquence affords:
Like *Larus* leane of flesh he had no store,
But multitude of fethers fair, no more.
Since *Chares* thus concludes to play the knaue,
And still persists proud, impius, false, profane:
Shall he begyle, and gull me like the laue,
Yes, faith, once more to exercise his vane:
Yet since experience (*hares* maks me wise,
I shrew my heart, and thou begyle me thrise.

TO COVETOUS COURTIERS.

A Greedie Mouse did by a privat way
Steale to the pantrie of a wealthie man:
Where many dishes were, and wold assay
Each dish of all: but at the last began
To teast an Oister, when her guts were filled,
The Oister clos'd, and thus the Mouse was killed,
Thou that hast crept in credit but by stealth,
And teasts each dish, sib to the greedie Mouse:
Who builds and maks of others wrack thy wealth,
And souldes man will not oversee a souse:
Thogh Prince behold, and privat men must thol thee,
Some sharp-sheld oister some-time fall controll thee.

TO

TO VIRTEOVS AND NOBLE

Cynthia.

FANE wold J render thanks for thy good-will :
But thanks are words, and words compense no deeds,
And thus must J remain thy debter still,
For which my heart within my bosome bleeds :
But if it chance that in thy debt I die,
My froward Fortune hath the fault, not I.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND, AND
fellow student Mr. Robert A Eton.

SIng swift hoof'd *Aethon* to thy matchles selfe,
And be not silent in this pleasant spring :
I am thy Echo, and thy Aerie elf,
The latter strains of thy sweet tunes I'll sing :
Ah, shall thy Muse no further frutes forth-bring,
But *Basia* bare, and wilt thou write no more
To higher notes, J pray thee tune thy string :
Be still admir'd as thou hast bene of yore,
Write *Aethon* writ, let not thy vain decay,
Least we become *Cymerians* dark, or worse.
If *Aethon* faill, the Sun his course must stay,
For, *Phæbus* Chariot laks the cheefest horse :
Thogh Fortun frown, ah, why should vertue die,
Sing *Aethon* sing, and J shall Echo thee.

AE-

AETHON
CRAGIO SVO.

FANE wold I sing, if songs my thoghts culd ease,
Or calme the tempest of my troubled mynde:
Fane wold J force my silent Muse to please,
The gallant humor of thy wanton vane:
But O a miser mancipat to paine,
Sould slaue to sorrow, wedded to mischief,
By mirth of songs, perhaps more greefe might gane,
In vane of them J should expect releif:
Then sacred *Craig* if thou wolde ease my greef,
Invite me not to wantonize with thee:
But tune thy notes vnto my mourning cleif,
And when J weepe, weepe thou to Echo mee.
Perhaps the teares that from a *Craig* shall floe,
May proue a Sovereaigne balme to cure my woe.

AGAINST THE SELLERS
of Tobacco.

THou that hast made of selling sinoak a trade,
And Jew and Gentill but remorse do'st gull,
And by these base *Nicotian* bleads are glade
To spoill, mar, blek, the stomach, brane, and skull:
As thou deseru'st *Turinus*-like J doome thee,
By selling smoak thou liv'st, let smoak consume thee.

To

TO HIS LORD AND M^r. GEORGE
Earle of Dunbar.

BRaue *Alcibiad* curious once to know
If all were frinds, that so appeard to bee,
To each of all in secret he did show,
The purtrate of a new-slave-man, said hee:
This is a friend whom I haue kild, I pray
In quiet forme come cary him away.
Yet none of all that Crew wold giue consent,
Nor help to put the painted tree a part:
Saue *Kallias* kinde, who only was content,
Hap what might hap, to help with hand and hart:
Such is my luck (most loving Lord) I see,
I haue not found a *Kallias* kinde, but thee.

Thou art the great *Mecenas* of my Muse,
My patron, Lord, my Master, and my All:
Whom (whil I liue) but change in me I chuse,
To loue, to serue, and to attend as thrall:
Thogh time and absence breed suspect, what than?
I am in spight of Fortuns nose thy man:

TO LADIE ANNA, HAT COVNTES OF
Winton, one of the Ladies of her Majesties most
royall bed chalmers, at her return from England.

AH, whither now sweet Ladie wilt thou go?
From Court to Cuntrie, what new change is this?
And wilt thou needst (sweet Sant) be gone? and so
Be cause south-Britain of so rare a blis,
Yes thou must go, I see there is no stay,
And take ten thousand Thousand hearts away.

C

Take

Take then my heart, my better part with thee,
My wishes, vow's, my prayers, all these all:
For J am thine devoted till J die,
And still shall beare the bloodie yock as thrall:
And when my head shall turne to hoarie gray,
The world shall see that I shall serue *An Hay*.

A DISSVVASION TO HIS
friend from his intended marriage.

F Air famous Ile where *Zoroastres* raig'n'd,
Where *Bactrus* once the statelie citie stood:
Which (when th'ould name *Aria* sp.) was dildain'd,
Was *Bactria* call'd from fertill *Bactrus* flood;
Where some-time *Ceter*, *Aran's* sonne began,
Of thousand citties the foundation sure.
In thee the wyues abuse the married man,
And both with slaue and stranger play the whoore,
The Dame with Distaff beats her yeelding Lord,
And for her pryde but punishment skaips free:
And poore *Ateon* dare not speak one word,
From *Bactrian* wyues the Lord deliver thee:
Nor lead a life infamous, heart-brock, thrall,
Far better were to wed no wife at all.

A DESCRIPTION OF A PAR-
dond, yet still vnrepenting proditor Plexirtus.

W Hen false and proud *Plexirtus* did conspire,
His King and Lord *Leonat* to dethrone :
He found the fates were foes to his desire,
At last when all his bastard-hopes were gone,
A halter fair about his hals he tyes,
And on the Prince for pardon still he cryes.
The Clement King *Leonat* was contented
To pardon all his faults and foull offences:
And yet we read the Rebelle noight repented,
Saue that he could not practize his pretenles :
It's pittie then the Prince can not perceaue,
Plexirtus was, and will be still a knaue.

EPITAPH OF IOHN FIRST MAR-
ques of Hammliton.

B Lest was thy life, and blessed didst thou die,
Thy Oyle was burning, and thy Lamp gaue light,
V When lifes prowd foe, pale death did summond thee
To render earth her due, and heavens their right :
Thogh death did then thy soule and bodie sever,
Once thou shalt be conjoind, and liue for ever.

Alind.

H Ere rests within this Tomb of truth th' unmatched zeale
The father, & the faithfull friēd, of Church, & cōmon wel:
In storme and calme inclin'd to doe his Kings command,
Of peace the parent, child of Mars, cheef glorie of the land.

FORTVNA SAEVO LAETA NEGOTIO: transmuta: incertos honores.

Strange are the changes of this changing age,
The cloun turns knight, the knight again turns cloun:
Now is he Lord, who, was of late a page,
And he that threatned all, is now thrown down:
Thrise happie he, whose heart can be content,
To serue his God in peace with sober rent.

To his afflicted friend.

In wether fair, and in a temperat spring,
The waikest bird with warbling songs will soare,
But in a storme, or winters rage to sing
With mirrie notes, deserues a praise much more:
Thy spring is gone, thy winter growes, O than
Sing sweetlie now, and shew thy selfe a man.

To his fortunate friend.

The Fox and Kat, were walking by the way,
(As *Aesop* fains) and lo for all his wits
The Fox became to hungrie hounds a pray,
Whilst in a trie the Kat securlie sits.
Since Foxes false (dear friend) must fall, and die,
Climb with the Kat, and make the truth thy trie.

Vivitur

Vivitur parvo bene.

HE that can walk on ground that's fair and plane,
Shall seldome fall, or if he chance to fall,
He measures but his lenth, he'll rise agane,
And haue no harme, nor any hurt at all:

But he must fall of force that climbs too hie,
And if he fall, it's ten to one he'll die.

Heigh hoised sailes giue vantage to the storme,
And if thy state be stately, large, and fair,
The farer mark for mischief to deforme,
With spightfull sport proud Fortun play's her there:
Fair marks are hit with shots and shafts mischivous,
Which make the wounds more deep & much more
grievous.

Contented *Codrus* with his Cuntry Dame,
Suppose his Farme were set on fire he fear's not,
His wife and he will warme them with the flame,
Come what can come, his compts are cast, he cares not:
If want and wealth were alwaies at my will,
Away with wealth, let me be *Codrus* still.

A Prayer for his imprisoned friend.

THe famous *Persians* had a forme, we reed,
That if a Noble were condemn'd to dee,
They spar'd him selfe, and hang'd his cloaths with speed,
Poore prisoner, God grant the like to thee:
Vcalegon his house is set on fire,
A neighbor kinde wold quench lest it burne nyer.

When *Pollio* proud did to his feast requyre
Augustus Caesar, at a solemne time:

He

He needs wold kill a serving slaue in yre,
For breaking of a banquet glasse, small crime:
But *Cesar* said, poore slaue, thou shalt not dee,
Th'offence is naight, feare is enough for thee.

To Ideia for his long absence.

A *Ttilius* ruler of the Roman host,
Beg'd leaue his wife and children deare, to see
His poore effairs he did performe with post,
And made returne with all the hast might bee,
He was for this no run-away, but rather
A loving husband, and a faithfull father.
I haue like him (wise Dame) at home a wife,
With whom in peace the poasting hours I spend,
Yet will I loue thee, whill I haue a life,
And till I die my loue shall never end:
My poore Adoes withdraw me oft from thee,
Yet where thou art, my heart shall ever bee.

To eloquent Erantina.

C *Leombrotus* a Heathen man did heare
Wise *Plato*, with such reverence and respect,
As for the loue he to his lessons beare,
He went abroad (kinde man) and brok his neck:
Thy charming words inchant me so that I
Doe nothing now, but mourne, sigh, weep, and die.

TO

To his absent and loving Lesbia.

DEare heart, dear heart, dear, dear, dear heart againe,
More dear then writ can shew, or waxe can seale:

O! if thou knew the care, the woe, the paine

I felt since last I tooke from thee fair-well:

The night in black chimerick thoughts I spend,
Ere *Phlegon* rise, I wish the day to end.

The dark is lothsome, and the day seems long,

Because, alas, J am not where thou art:

This is not mine, but frowning Fortunes wrong,

Yet hope (deare heart) vp-holds my dying heart:

Look then for me, before few dayes take end,

Till when my thoughts to thine, I doe commend.

To absent Idea.

With puissant pow'r when princely *Pompey* went,
And made him for *Phar'alic* battell bowne:

With heavie hearts his sogeors did lament,

And oft look'd back to Rome their native towne:

Each in him selfe a civil combat felt,

To leave the place wher friends, wiues, childrē dwelt.

I may for this be deem'd a Roman borne,

I am so full of kindnesse and of loue,

In deepest sort (deare heart) I dare be sworne,

My minde from thee no distance may remoue:

And for thy sake (beare witness naked God)

I loue thy *Bowes* wherein thou mak'st abod.

TO

To Idea at her bownes.

A H, whither now (sweet Sane) art thou retired?
Souls-raviser, alas, where art thou gone?

Thy bewtie now can be no more admired,
Since thou delightst to lurke and live alone:

Now *Hermit*-like thou hantst, the more the pittie,
And for the *Farme* forbear's the famous *Cittie*.

Look to thy selfe, thou dwel'st too neere the sea,
Neptun no doubt will from those rocks bereave thee:
And with his wife divorce for love of thee:

Yet am I glade, none but a God must haue thee:

When winds and waves, and all are at thy will,
Proue not vnkinde, I pray thee loue me still.

TO HIS BANISHED FRIEND

TWo wofull weeds, the mother Church must weare,
One Crimson rid, the other mourning black:

The black betokeneth sorrow, paine, and care,
The rid bods death, fearece persecution, wrack:

It matters not what rags she beare abroad,
Once she'll be cloth'd in robes of white with God.

To his singular good Lord and Master.

Long mai'st thou liue an argument of praise,
A lordlie subject to my loving pen,

That on thy worth the wondring world may gaize,
A magistrat admir'd amongst all men.

Yea, more and more heavens grant thee from aboue,
The Makers mercie, and the Masters loue.

Bene

Auream quisquis mediocritatem.

IT merits praise to manage litle well,
A cunning coachman turns in litle rounge :
In poore estate a rich content I feell,
And sinyle to see a wretches wealth consume:
J'll studie then to steward what I haue,
And not be curious more and more to craue.

His regrate for the lose of time at Court.

O How Time slips, and stelic slides away,
God is forgot, and woe is me therefore:
J waste the night, and weare away the day,
I sleepe, dres, feed, talke, sport, and doe no more:
Far better were with care to haue redemed,
Nor sell for noght the thing I most esteemed.

To his aspyring friend.

In charge and honor march together still
For charge but honour were a toyle too great:
And honor but a charge were ease at will,
To want them both is not the worst estate:
I loath those loads which lightnesse first pretend,
But break the neck before the journeyes end.

Nulla dies sine linea.

THe standing poole will quicklie stink and rott,
The curreant streame is cleanlie both and cleare:
The idle man is Sathans prey, God wott,
A verteous minde the Devill darr not draw neare,
My fantasies can profit few, and yet
It hurteth none, but doth me good to writ.

The

The praise of Glad-povertie.

THree sorts of men vnto the market go,
One buyes, one selles, an other doth behold,
Great grief and care is in the former two,
Th'expectant waiks secure and vncontrold.
He liu's (poore man) contented with his lot,
Vsing the world as if he v'd it not.

His vnambitious minde.

THree things there be for which J'll not contend,
The *way*, the *wall*, and *T.ables* highest seat:
What foole is he will frown, or yet offend
For any place, so hee can reach his meat.
But in good faith, the idlest strife of all,
Is in my judgement for the way, or wall.

To his friend who seemd sorie when he left Court.

I Scorne to liue at Court, because J spy
The wicked heaps vp wealth, the foole hath grace:
The wise man weeps, and in disgrace must die,
And vanitie must march in vertues place:
Far better were on shore secure t'abide,
Nor saill in vane against both wind and tide.

Against Pryde.

TH'ambitious man no greater foe can haue,
Then is himselfe, for whilst he still aspires,
He grinds his heart for grief vnto the graue,
With foolish hopes, with fear's, and fond desires:
God grant my pryde may grow to this degree,
In earth his child, in heauen his Sant to bee.

To vnfortunat and pure Æmilian at Court.

Emilian begs with heart half-brok for sorrow,
Yet finds not frute at all, but long delay :
As leaue me now, or come againe to morrow,
My lasure serues not yet, I pray thee stay:
None pitties thee *Æmilian*, do not griue,
They get no thing, that haue no thing to giue.

That he neither loues to be too glad nor too sad.

IOyes come like oxen heauie peas'd and slo,
But tak their leaue like horses running post :
Greifs come at post, on foot againe they go,
And leaue sad discontentment with their host:
Both *Ioy*s and *Griefs* as passingers J'il vse,
They shall not be my ghaists, if J can chuse.

His contents at his Tugur.

When lose of *Tyme* at Court was all my gane,
To take my leaue, J thoght it was my best:
And in some privat mansion to remaine,
Where J might frie from Envyes rage take rest:
Now blest be God, no Portar bars my doore
By day, by night none keeps me but my kurre.

Against ignorance and ill example.

THe law of God is Lanterne full of light,
And good example beares this Lantern still :
Which shews the way to walk, and march vpright,
To doe all good, and to decline from ill:
Without this light who walks, he can not see,
And such (will God) shall be no gyde to thee.

The

To Mistres Hartside at Orkney her natall foyle.

PROscribed *Orcas* thogh J hate thy forms,
J must commend and praise thy courage still,
I saw thee proue both wise and stout in storms,
And thou art barren sore against my will:
For had thou sonnes of thy *Amazon* stamp,
They might be Captains of the Emperors camp.

Perswasions of certainties are vnnescessarie.

NO greater fools then *Philodoxes* fond,
And such as loue opinions of their own:
Thy wit (wise *Plato*) when I think vpon'd,
Made men to doubt on things that were well known:
These *why, How, what*, mad questions of thy schools,
Wold make the wise men of our age seeme fools.

Against drunkards and lickers.

IN sinfull *Sodome* to liue cleane and poore,
In *Asia* chaste amid allurements such:
To hate in *Rome* the bordell and the whoore,
And to be still abstemius with a Dutch:
Do'th merit praise, yet this much with correction,
J find but few can haunt them but infection.

To his Lord and Master G. E. Dunbar,

ALas, that Time should be a foe to fame,
To clip the wings of true report in rage:
Alas, that the earth should march a noble name:
Like to a bird that's compass't with a kage:
Fame clip'd with time, & hemb'd with earth's embrace
By Poets yet outstrips both time and place.

Thy

Thy fame (dear Lord) is frie from all disgrace,
(Still be it so till fire dissolue this frame)
Till when about the worlds broad spacious face,
My rymes shall run t'immortalize thy Name:
Foill to thy fame no time, no place shall giue,
So long as *Craig*, or yet his lines can liue.

Against ingratitude.

First let me die before I proue ingrate,
No, let the earth deuore me ere I die:
Before I liue in such a wretched state,
To haue no hand but one, no tongue to cry:
Vnthankfull mouths are graues, then it I take,
I will at least giue praile and prayers back.

To his Lord and Master to be ware of envy.

Deepe danger lyes (deare Lord) in smoothest looks,
Envy is false, and waits thee at thy back:
The poyning bate is hung at golden hooks,
They serue as friends that fane wold see thy wrack.
Envy awaits on vertue as her slaue,
Yet still delights in digging vertues graue.

Opale Envy, the ouldest childe of Pryd,
The Dame of Murther, Treasons onely nurse,
Of glorie the stane, of squint-ey'd fraud the bryd:
The blesse of Hell, and Heavens cheefest curse.

God grant my Lord be harmeles from thy hate,
Thy blood thy drink, thine owne heart be thy meat.

To

TO JOHN EARLE OF MONTROSE
first Vice-Roy of Scotland.

EPITAPH.

I F *Rhadamanthus* in th'Elisian field,
VVith *Aacus* and *Minos* Judges bee.
And Gods over ghosts, they all of due must yeeld,
For Piëtie, Truth, Justice, place to thee:
At least *Montroes* for *Minos* must command,
And beare his Scepter in the blessed land.

The Rapt of Proserpina.

S Hall *Ceres* daughter still remane at hell?
Shall *Plato* comb her curling loks of amber?
Shall bewtie braue in loathsome bondage dwell?
And be imprison'd in a pitch-black chamber?
Ah, sleuthfull *Ceres*, thou art much to blame,
Thy negligence hath broght thy child to shame.

Proserpina hath bewtie both and wealth.
A pleasant prey entiseth many a theif:
Of bewtie rapt, of riches must be stealth,
And from the hels we heare is no releif:
Proserpina is *Platoes* wife it's known,
The devill is black, yet let him bruke his own.

TO

Aginst. Sycophants and Parasits.

False Sycophant that wrongs the vertuous name,
Proud Parasit thou poysons him that hear's thee:
And brings the ablent to disgrace and shame,
Who neither cares for forged lies, nor fear's thee:
When Titan shyns we see the vermin swarme,
Thou dwel'st at court because thou know'st it's warme.

False flattering foole, thou art but friendships Ape,
Camelion-like thou changest every hew,
Saue white alone: thou loath's an honest shape.
As cheef companion of the cursed crew:
Proud Trencher flee thy pansh once fild, thou'll goe
And proue to him that feeds thee best a foe.

The praise of humilitie in his L. and M^r.

IT seems (me think) a thing of small effect,
When Fortun frowns for to be meek and lowlie:
But he that can eies, heart, looks thoghts, deject,
VWhen Fortun fauns is happie both and holie:
He looks like God, and hath his makers sh ow,
VWhose pow'r is much, whose sprit is meek and low.

Of true friendship.

IN shaddie night the glow-worme shines like fire,
And yet no heat to frostie hand she lends:
In calme who swear's he lou's thee, is a lier,
He'll shrink in storme, and so his friendship ends:
Let *Pythias* then take *Damon* by the hand,
VWho for his friend in Fortuns stormes can stand.

TO THE MOST HONORABLE

*and religious Lord G. Earle Marschell, great
Commissioner of Scotland for his Majestie.*

BRaue *Cincinnatus* from his house was broght,
To be Dictator in the towne of Rome:
Thou in this sort, (Religious Lord) art foght,
Thy Princes place and seat for to assume:
He in a month put Rome to rest and peace,
And thou hast done much more in much lesse space.

Contempt of Death.

MEn seldome wish to die, thogh nev'r so old,
This day of death they doe adjorne till morrow:
And by them all this fond excule was told,
(*The life is sweete*) suppose they live in sorrow:
Blind, lame, dumb, leafe, sick, poore, and more we see,
Men dam'd wold live, yet know they needs must die.

My wofull heart must weepe to see such fools,
As th'ould, poore, blind, leame, dand, diseas'd, deaf, dum:
Brought vp and traine'd in *Epicurus* schools,
Can not belecue there is a life to come.

*God saies, I haue a Crown of glorie to giue thee,
Then call, kill, Crown, for Lora I doe belecue thee.*

FINIS.

